

The Return (Part 1

by Peter

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The Return (Part 1

The Return Peter Withers

Animorphs don't belong to me but to KA Applegate, but Chance and Mona do, so please don't use those two w/o my permission.

Some time after 'The Tortured'

Here are a few notes about what Mona and I have done since we encountered the Yeerks. I've placed the journal containing my experiences with them in a safe place and have told only Mona and one other unmentioned individual about it. I will be calling in on this location once a month.

If I do not call about this within six months of the last call, it will be copied by the individual who is holding it and sent to The New York Times, Chicago Tribune, Atlanta Constitution, Washington Post, Los Angeles Times, Rolling Stone along with the necessary proofs needed for it to be believed and printed.

Also copies of the information will be sent to a short list of reporters who report for these papers with strict instructions and warnings to copy the proof and send it to three local or regional Papers of their choices before informing their editors. The alien technology and all information that is included with the package will be FedEx to Area 51, Nevada, and SETI, CA.

Please note that this is an unedited version of my journal. The journal that will be sent to the above places will have no mention of the Animorphs, or any information that will allow others to come close to having an idea of their existance in general.

Chance

My name is Chance. I cannot tell you my full name or anything specific about my life. What I can tell you is the truth about what has happened in the past months since I've become involved in the human race's future and those few whom are the last, best chance for survival.

If anyone has wondered if there is life outside of our planet's, they don't have to wonder anymore. But these aliens that are hidden among us aren't friendly nor are here for peace. The yeerks are here to take the human race and turn them into a source of hosts and slaves. There is another alien species, the Andalites, who have tried to help us, but they failed. But before one of them died, the Andalite gave five teenagers the ability to shapeshift, to morph, into any animal they had touched.

My involvement in this galactic war that is taking place on this planet comes from a different reason from any other's. I wasn't one of those who was given the ability to morph nor am I one of those controlled by the yeerks. What happened to me was something that had never happened to the yeerks before, I somehow reject any yeerks that try to enter me. My abilities also include full psychic abilities; telepathy and telekinesis. These things makes me one of a yeerk target just slightly below the worth of the 'Andalite Bandits', the Animorphs. The yeerks attempted to study me, find out how I do what I do, but they failed and I escaped with my girlfriend, Mona, who has the same morphing abilities as the Animorphs.

First week free. . .we drove nowhere in particular.

Second week free. . .we went to Los Vegas (Hey, if you were psychic, wouldn't you go to Los Vegas.)

Third week free. . .between my 'luck' and Mona's insistence to keep me from winning until I lose, I mass a large sum of money that will keep us both on easy street for a long time.

Fourth week free . . . I have to admit that winning that much money might be the reason why the yeerks found us. We had just finished another fruitful night of winning in the casino that I telepathically convinced us into and also finished off a few drinks that I also telepathically convinced the bartender to give us for free. Between the staff, security, and bartender, I must have convinced at least forty people using my abilities. We sort of walk in the general direction of our room.

Because of the drinks and the gambling, we didn't even think about the person staring at a paper and at us intently until much later. After a few tries, we get the door to work and we walk in rather unsteadily and leave the door cracked open. I slowly kiss Mona and we spin around in circles toward one of the beds.

"Chance," Mona moans as I trail kisses down her throat, "Not now,

please." I pull away and she walks into the bathroom to take a shower and cool us both off. I sit back on the headboard of the bed and close my eyes and must have fallen asleep.

A cold voice forces me to open my eyes, "Your finished Chance. Visser Three is going to be pleased with me for bringing you in."

"Shit." I wake up with a pounding headache, and the person speaking normally. "Not with the headache, please." I try to focus on the person and see he is holding a Dracon gun in my general direction.

"Now where is the woman who was with you earlier?" I look at him and he points the weapons more aggressively in my direction.

< Right here, asshole. > A thoughtspeak voice says angrily. The Controller manages to turn half way around when a very large panther hits him in the back. Mona snarls in rage and bites the controller by the neck. The cat instincts take over Mona's own and she savagely shakes him. A loud crack sounds throughout the room and the controller collapses dead. The Dracon gun clatters on the ground.

< What did I just do. > Mona's seems in shock as her big cat body sits down. I watch as the yeerk leaves the host and I simply step on it.

< Mona, we need to leave now. Demorph while I pack. > The sharpness of my voice snaps her out of shock and she starts to demorph. I pick up the Dracon gun, fiddle with the controls, then vaporize the body until all is left is a black stain on the carpet. I pack the weapon in the suitcases we barely unpacked. I quickly take the money out of my safe and pack it in one bag.

Mona has regained her human shape but is still on the floor, naked.
"I. . . I killed him."

< Snap out of it, Mona. Let's go. > She mechanically dresses herself and we walk quickly down to the front, where we check out and get into Mona's truck and get out of Las Vegas as fast as we can.

Two Weeks Later

"Mona, you've got to get your ass out of there." I stand shouting outside of the bedroom and bathroom where she locked me out three days ago. It's like her mind was slowly shutting down since she killed that controller. She slowly lost her appetite and her will to live. I've tried to talk to her about it and to listen to her, but she wouldn't. She would barely eat anything and I couldn't do anything about that either. One morning, I came back with a newspaper and she had locked herself in her room. I tried pleading, begging with her, and simply talking through the door, but I got nothing. I sat by the door for most of the days, watching the door. On the third day I simply lost it and shouted at her to get out of there. I have been listening in to her surface thoughts just to know she is alive and not about to change the condition.

"That is it!" I concentrated on the door and simply twisted the lock with my telekinesis until it gave in. I opened to door to find Mona sitting against a wall, tears on her face. I sit down beside her.
"Mona, you know you can always talk to me about what happened." I

whisper gently into her ear. < Or even think to me. > I finish wryly.

Mona hugs me and for the first time since it happened, starts talking unsteadily, "I. . . I felt nothing when I did it. It was like taking out garbage or something. There was a living being, no two living beings, and I killed them like it was nothing at all. What kind of monster am I."

I hug her ever so gently, "Mona, you are not a monster, you were only protecting youself and me from that controller. The yeerks are the monsters, they're the ones who desire to enslave other races for their pleasures. Mona, I want you to know I will always love you no matter what happens."

Mona sits there for a few minutes and I simply hold her as gently as I can. She then struggles to her feet and goes into the bathroom. < She still needs someone to talk to who knows how she feels, but who? >

Several Weeks Later -

Rachel

My name is Rachel and you've probably heard the drill before from the others on why I can't tell you my name or much about myself. The yeerks can be any person. Your mother, father, brother, or sister. I'm on the way to my gymnastics practice when I hear a soft voice say in thoughtspeak. < Rachel. >

I glance around and see no one. < Rachel, I'm close by. Is it safe? > I say nothing but I think furiously. < Come on Rachel, I can hear you think and your thoughts are racing at the moment. It's me, Chance. >

< I guess it's safe. > I hesitantly think toward him. Before Chance had left, he told us some of what he knew about his telepathy thing he does. One is once he talks to you and he listens in, he can hear your thoughts. Sometimes he can hear them even without a person's permission.

"Then I should talk like this, Xena." I turn around to find a man several years older than me walking near beside me. What surprises me is how tired he looks. He has a five o'clock shadow and his clothes are a bit rumpled.

"Don't call me Xena." I quip back at him.

"Rach, it is good to see you again even though it hasn't been long."

"So where's Mona." His face saddens before resuming his normal expressive face. "Chance what happened to her? She's still alive, isn't she?"

"Mona is alive and she isn't a controller. It's just, we ran into trouble and we came back here. I need to get a hold of Cassie. Do you want to meet later?"

"Sounds great. So how about Cassie's barn in an hour?"

"That's good. Mona and I will meet you then. Hey, there's Marco and Jake." I turn to them and when I glance back, Chance is gone.

Chance -

We walk into Cassie's barn a few minutes earlier than Rachel and I agreed too. It took some time but I convinced Mona to come with me even though convincing her involved carrying her to the car. She is so thin, so light, I can feel her ribs slightly through her blouse. I am so worried about Mona and she need someone, a kindred spirit to talk to.

When we walk into the barn, we find that all of the Animorphs are waiting for us, even Axmili in human morph. "Nice to see you guys again." Mona nods slightly. "So anything happen since we've left."

"It hasn't been that good. The yeerks have stepped on recruitment into the Sharing and making more members full members faster in a recruiting drive." Jake says.

"That sound like the yeerks are preparing for a major move soon. Do you guys have a plan yet?"

"We're still trying to figure something out. So why are you back here Chance."

"Cassie, do you think you and Rachel could figure out someplace for Mona to stay for the next few days." Both girls give me a long look before walking off with Mona in tow. After the trio is out of sight, I sigh and say quietly, "We were in Las Vegas when a controller found us. Mona was in morph and accidentally killed him. She has been really out of it since then and I think she need someone to talk to who understands." I also telepathically tell Cassie and Rachel the same sort of thing so they know what happened to Mona.

"One question, why Las Vegas?" Marco asks.

"If you were psychic, wouldn't you go to Vegas." I say in an almost cheerful voice. My happiness fades when I hear a cry of pure grief and I kneel down on the ground, almost overcome myself with the sensation.

Continued in Part 2

End
file.